



## Stranded



410 21 30

### Chapter 1 by Hailey Thomas

It was a horrible storm that raged the seas, rocking the ship back and forth. Lightning lit the air into a beautifully terrible painting, and thunder rumbled in the distance. Emma had slipped and fallen, sliding dangerously close to the edge of the ship. Scrambling to get up, she slipped yet again and hit her head on a barrel. She heard screams, so close yet so far away. As consciousness slowly escaped her and the darkness engulfed her, like a light slowly growing dim, she fell.

Running. It was what he had been doing since he had arrived on this forsaken island. Tripping and falling, rolling and tumbling; it was how he survived, unlike the others. He arrived at the site where the plane had crashed. How long had he been there? He had lost track of time. It was difficult to see anything through the storm, but he had to get the first aid kit. He lifted his hand from his abdomen, which was completely red with blood. Grimacing, he continued his quest through the abandoned plane.

Finally, he found what was left of the kit. He opened it and sighed with relief. Though the

outside of the kit was battered and torn, it still had everything in it. He rushed, patched himself up.

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"Man, what a close call. It was a miracle I survived. I was so close to death. Returning outside, he headed toward the trail he had taken when something stopped him. A murmuring of some sort.

It was odd; he was the only person on the island. Was it possible the the beast was evolving?

His curiosity took him to another part of the beach, where he saw what appeared to be a lifeless lump of cloth and hair. Confused, he brushed away the hair to find a girl, and man, was she beautiful. It must have been a year, maybe two, since he saw a woman.

His survival mode kicked in unexpectedly, asking questions like, "Where did she come from? How did she get here? Is she dead?" He pressed his fingers on her neck to feel her pulse. She was alive, just unconscious. CPR, he thought. You used to be a doctor, come on...

## Chapter 2 by Hailey Thomas



Life suddenly filled Emma's lungs. Where was she? What was she doing there? She felt around only to feel sand. She sat up and immediately began to cough. After she had hacked out what felt like a gallon of water, she glanced around.

She noticed that she was on a beach. It was more desolate, she noted, than the beaches in America. Except for the man.

Adrenaline pumped through her veins when she suddenly leaped forward. How long was he there? She sighed with relief - he was asleep. There was a fireplace that had recently gone cold and a pot with the remnants of fish lying next to it, carelessly tossed aside.

Even more questions filled her head, and she knew that the man would be able to answer them. She strode over to him, but abruptly fell to the floor. Though her head was wrapped in new bandages, her head stung with pain from her barrel wound. She curled up in agony; the pain was nothing like she was used to.

She had no time to recover, however, for a low growl rumbled through the air and up her spine. Whimpering, she froze in fear. Out from the forest and brush emerged a large, hideous creature with red, glowing eyes and large, yellow fangs. It prowled closer to her, it's beady eyes staring at her with hunger. In an instant, it leaped.

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were around his stomach. Glancing back, she saw the hideous monster bounding toward them at incredible speed. It soon caught up to them, snapping its ferocious jaws.

"TURN!" screamed the man, and faster than she could think, Emma was tugged to the side. The monster crashed into the ground, already sniffing for their scent.

### Chapter 3 by Hailey Thomas



Struggling not to breathe, he pulled her into the shadows. The slightest movement could mean their death, so they slowly crawled into the brush. A rumbling growl shook the leaves of the trees, growing high-pitched like a bobcat. It slowly, ever so agonizingly slowly, crept up near them.

Emma was on the verge of collapsing again. She took short, quick breaths, trying to calm down and failing with what little air she had. She couldn't help it - the excitement and adrenaline urged her to squeak.

Suddenly enraged, the creature roared - a large, fearsome roar. Once again running for their lives, Emma and the man stumbled into the forest.

They ran until sunset. Even when they knew the monster could not possibly be on their trail anymore, they could not risk it. Finally, after hours of running, panting, and stumbling, they stopped.

It was Emma who spoke first. "Who are you? Where are we? What was THAT?" she blurted.

"I have the same questions about you," he replied, "But not about that beast."

### Chapter 4 by Cameron scott



He would not let them speak in the open, no matter how many times she pestered him with questions. There was only walking. Only climbing. Only swimming. They kept going and going

until Emma was so tired that she could no longer

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They never seemed to go down, only climb further and further. Emma had had enough.

"Look at me," she said, collapsing on a large rock. "I . . . am not . . . going any further . . . until I know what's going on," she squeezed out between ragged breaths.

He turned around. "It's only just a little bit further."

**"No.** You said that half an hour ago." You're going to answer my questions **now**," she said with false strength.

To her surprise, he simply sat down facing her.

"Ask quickly."

### Chapter 5 by Dominic Trevisani



"I've already asked you my question. Answer them. NOW!"

"Well, I have forgotten. Please repeat."

"Too bad. You go ahead. I'm going to rest for a while."

"I'll wait for you. It-"

"GO ON WITHOUT ME!!!"

"Please, let me-"

"Ugh, I can never get a break, can I!" As she said that she jumped off the rock and ran.

"Wait! Please come back!" the man kept running, trying to keep up. Eventually, he gave up. He decided to keep walking and see if he eventually would run into her.

About a 30 minutes later, the man heard Emma's voice.

"HELP! PLEASE, SOMEONE HELP!"

"Emma! I'm coming!"

He could see her now, in the claws of a giant bird. His heart dropped.

"Emma! I'll save you!"

Just as he said that, the bird let go of her, dropping into a ravine.

"NO!"

He could hear her screams for a few minutes before she finally stopped. The man fell to his knees.

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Chapter 5 by Logan Mock



The man stopped, he couldn't believe she was gone. He had known her for so little but the despair sank his heart like a rock. He saw the bird swoop down into the ravine where Emma had died. His sadness quickly turned to anger as the hate and rage boiled inside of him. He grabbed two rocks and furiously started chipping away. In just a few minutes a blade was formed and his anger was at its peak. He jumped down the ravine and saw what he was looking for. The bird feasting on Emma's body. He angled his body and slammed into the bird, plunging the knife deep into its neck. The black blood poured out on his hand but he did not stop. He stabbed the bird dozens of times. The bird was ferocious and flew out of the ravine, attempting the same maneuver it did on Emma. But he would not let go. with one final knife slash, the bird became stiff and began to plummet to the ground. He jumped off into a tree and badly injured his leg. It began to pound as the blood trickled out. The bird landed with a thunderous slam and a cloud of feathers. As he laid down the knife his vision went blurry and he passed out on the ground.

### Chapter 7 by WeebShibe



When he came to he looked down and saw his arms slowly swaying back and forth; dangling below him. As he gained more awareness he began to try to look around. He was moving, but he wasn't moving his legs. Startled, he slowly turned his head upward, and saw exactly what he never wanted to see. Around his stomach and lower chest, Long yellow teeth were gripping his flesh. They were not breaking the skin but they still slightly hurt. Terrified, he looked further up and saw it, the beast.

He gave a slight scream and began to squirm in the beasts jaws; this made it bite down slightly harder, and the man gave a squeak of pain, however, he continued to struggle. The beast cast a disdainful eye down towards him and tilted its muzzle upward. After reaching an angle of about 45% the beast opened it's jaws and the man slid into its mouth. When every bit of the man was safely inside its mouth its jaws snapped shut and trapped the man inside.

"NO NO NO!" Screamed the man while pounding on the walls of his new prison. This further angered the beast and it used its tongue to push the man towards the back of its throat. It looked as if it was preparing to swallow.

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slipping, slowly, slowly, then quicker and quicker until all he could do was scream in unison with the shriek in the air.

SHWING!!

The shrieking and the beast stopped as a new noise began. A sound of agony rumbling up from the stomach of the beast. A hole had been cut into the base of its throat from and outside force right where the man was, blood gushing from the fresh wound. Peering out from the hole, the man could see the ground coming closer and closer...

THUD!!

The man went shooting across the ground, the momentum of the beast's fall ejecting him from the hole in the beast's throat.

He stayed lying on his face for a moment, not sure whether he was alive or dead. The only sound he could hear now was the thrumming of his heart and... panting? Coming from behind him...?

"Do you mind answering me now?"

A familiar voice. It was all the man needed to leap off the ground in a matter of seconds.

Emma.

"H-how? I... I saw you die!! What-"

Both their questions remained unanswered for that moment, for Emma had to take a second to throw up.

the end

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